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THE WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington, Idaho—Fair.

THE COLUMBIA BASIN.

This seems to be the year for the launching of the real destiny of the Columbia Basin, from the upper navigable reaches of the mighty river to its mouth. More has been done to exploit the great water-course in 1907, in a peculiarly commercial way, than has ever been done before. And the drift of potent appropriation of its resources is not confined to its unhampered channels, but is now directed to its enormous barriers, known as the Cascades of the Columbia, from which the incalculable power that has run to waste for thousands of years is to be harnessed and harnessed for the good of man and for all time to come.

Another fine railway system has been laid along the north margin of the river, for every available and potential mile and acre tributary to it, and the lower reaches, already equipped in this wise, are to be merged into a long, continuous and profitable scheme of transportation, that will find its foreign establishment ready at hand, in the magnificent harbor fronting this city.

These great steps in the up-lift of a long-neglected commercial field, are but the primary overtures to fortune, and will be followed, steadily, and logically, by others of relative importance and assured purpose; until, in the near future, every accessible and useable port, point and possibility on, and next to, the river line, will be swung into the immense and feasible plan of development; and the marvel of the century will be not so much the extraordinary scope of that development, as that it was never attempted before. Just as men have wondered during the barren years of the past, that no man had wrought upon the possibilities of this great area; so will they harp on the unconscionable loss of time and opportunity. But this will weigh as nothing in the vast realm of new energies well directed, and splendid profits well conserved. The scale of unfoldment in sight today upon the most prudent and wholesome estimate, is almost incalculable, and as each succeeding phase of disclosure and growth is uncovered, there will be hundreds of correlative projects laid bare, and their thousands of reciprocal opportunities brought into play, until the northwest shall seem still richer with the good things of life and life's work.

That there is room for all the railroads, industries and businesses of the day in this vast field, but adds to the certainty of their coming, and emphasizes the urgency and utility of such investment; nor will the call be long denied. Barring financial panic and stress, there is no reason why this section of the country should not be, for years to come, the most favored in the land.

We confess we are encouraged by the turn things are taking here, and we know that Astoria cannot go ahead unless it be upon the predicate of advantage to the whole Columbia Valley; and we much prefer that this should be so, because the leverage of success will be infinitely greater than if it were confined to any restricted limit of territory, people, or interest. It's Oregon, as well as Astoria, with us.

THE AMERICAN CHINAMAN.

The Chinese Natives of the Golden West are apt proselytes of their California white brethren when it comes to knowing how to make the government stand in on their peculiar programs. The latest kink in their sworn course of duty, is the utter extinction of the great tongs of Chinatown in San Francisco, that thoroughly organized band of assassins that make especial warfare on Chinamen who have strong pro-American tendencies; and radical prejudices and practices, of the same trend, that contribute mightily to the discomfort of the modernized Celestial. And the latest move of the advanced Chinks is to offer their services to the government, as detectives, in the warfare they are inspiring against their old and dangerous enemy.

That's the American idea exactly. If

you can't do the trick yourself, interest the federal power and then direct it any old way that will serve your interests best. The Chinaman, with his admitted adroitness, is helping himself, by helping the government to assist him, in finessing the destruction of his traditional enemy.

THE STATISTICAL BORE.

We hope we are not unduly prejudiced against any man, cult, feature, or failing, of ordinary humanity, with which we are in hourly contact; but we venture a protest, vigorous, unconditional and immovable, against the bore with statistics of the immaterial and inapplicable sort; the man who has an endless array of figures to back him in the argument he voluntarily initiates, and who drags you in for the sole and simple need of something to argue at, not with. This man is at large, and has no mark by which he may be lodged, and there is no way of knowing one of his victims until the coil of his rhetoric and his figures are about one. He is harmless, save that he has no conception of time, nor its value to other men; and the surreptitious and circuitous way in which he swoops down on one, is his chiefest danger. He ought to be compelled by law to wear a "sandwich" sign, telling all men of his idiosyncrasy. Short of this, a busy world is at his mercy always.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

Senator Borah has reasons to be proud of his vindication, which was accompanied by cheers, music and the ringing of bells. The only features lacking were fireworks and moving pictures.

"The new doctor does not seem to be prospering very well."

"No. His name is against him."

"What's his name?"

"Phil Graves."

Despite light yields in foreign vineyards we are assured—for California—that there will be no chopping off in the French wine supply.

Charles Corn is running for office in Tennessee on the Republican ticket. He is doubtless expected to make a husky race.

It is rather curious that so many "absolutely pure" goods have advanced in price because of the pure-food law.

Beware of Cuba. Two of the revolutionists have been captured, but what has become of the third?

The key which the striking telegraphers left some time ago seems to be the key to the situation.

Not all the necessities of life have advanced in price. Free lunches remain uncharged.

Liberal, Indeed.

"It don't pay to remember everything you read," grumbled Sandy Pikes as he wrapped his shins around the brake-wheel.

"Speaking from experience, pard?" asked his chum of the fast freight.

"You bet, old pal. I seen an item in de paper dat said people with big ears were always generous, so when I stopped at de wayside cottage and found de lady had large ears I told her I knew she was generous."

"Great hoooes! And did she give you anything?"

"Yep, she gave me a piece of her mind. Den she said her husband had big ears also."

"Dat's de limit. And did he give you anything?"

"Sure; He turned out to be a judge and gave me thirty days."—Chicago News.

Looking Fuller in the Face.

Statesmen in Washington over their black coffee and cigars are telling a little story about Chief Justice Fuller of the United States supreme court, says Judge. The chief justice, so the story runs, met an old time friend, and after a hearty handclasp Mr. Fuller remarked:

"You are looking exceedingly well. Aren't you filling out a little?"

"No, indeed," replied the friend. "You probably think so because I'm looking Fuller in the face."

Slight Mistake.

First Stranger—Excuse me, but you are a physician, I believe?

Second Stranger—You are mistaken, sir.

First Stranger—But I overheard you say you followed the medical profession.

Second Stranger—And so I do. I'm an undertaker.—Detroit Tribune.

Charming.

Mother-in-Law—Has the young man who saved my life yesterday called upon you yet?

Son-in-Law—Yes, indeed, he has already made his apologies.—Translator: For Transatlantic Tales From Fliegende Blätter.

The Distant Relative.

"The Parkers have all gone into deep mourning for a very distant relative. Don't you think it's a sign they're rich?"

"No. It's a sign that the distant relative was rich."—New York Life.

FAIRBANKS.

The women of this country, oh! Yes and other cranks, Are making things uneasy for Vice-President Fairbanks, From North to South; from East to West there is an awful wail, For at the Vice-President's banquet he served his guests cocktail.

Suppose he did! He's generous—the 'tail he does not touch, But leaves it to the ladies who enjoy it very much.

He does enjoy the flavor of a little joke, And is much pleased with the ladies for the mirth they do provoke.

It is only on great occasions that we hear from the cranks, When candidates for President come down and join their ranks.

It's only the great American people who hurrah and shout, When shortcomings of the candidates will surely be found out.

But when our guest of honor was pleased to come this way, We all felt very sorry that he could not longer stay,

We'd like to see the next president tarry here awhile, Because his patriotic, homely words made all Astorians smile.

One more feature of the visit made our people shout, To welcome our guests from Portland who would rather pout.

For our progressive, thriving town, their heads did rather rattle, They would sooner see the route of trade going through Seattle.

But when they are here with us, it causes them to strain, When they tell us they are sorry they cannot here remain.

We have such a delightful climate, and a balmy breeze, For though they are lying to please us, it causes them to sneeze.

There is one place of all the earth I dearly love to roam, For its forests and its wildwoods remind me much of home.

Its lofty hills and craggy crests, and sunny mountain peaks, Where the deer and elk do browse and rest, from hunters safety seeks.

Young River's rippling waters are gently moving by, And Saddle Mountain raise its head far up towards the sky.

And from its lofty summit, you can see the ships at sea, On old Pacific's bosom where the salmon sport and play.

On each July evening, when the fishermen go down, And cast their nets upon the waters near New Astoria town,

The salmon here are taken by them both night and day, And from the product of their toil they make a fine display.

Here is cast into the water nets from more than a thousand boats, Which sail on the broad Columbia, or on its bosom floats.

There is not seen in all Creation such a grand display, As that seen in Astoria, when Fairbanks passed that way.

—Thomas Dealey.
Astoria, Ore., Oct. 16, 1907.

Two of a Kind.

"Well, Henry," said the New York man who was visiting his Chicago cousin, "before I leave town I want to be sure to visit the stockyards, the art institute and the Field museum. I suppose it's an old story to you, so if you'll direct me right I'll find 'em myself."

The Chicago man laughed. "I'm ashamed to admit it," he said, "but the fact is I've lived in this town fifteen years and I've never been out to the stockyards. I never visited the Field museum, and I've never been to the art institute, although I pass it every day of my life. I guess I'll take a day off and see the sights of my own town."

He did, and was as much interested as his cousin.

"Now, when I go to New York in the fall," he said, "I want you to take me out to Ellis Island to see the immigrants come in. It must be a great sight. And I want to get the view from the statue of Liberty and walk down the Bowery."

"Sure," said the New York cousin, "I'd like to see those things once myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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